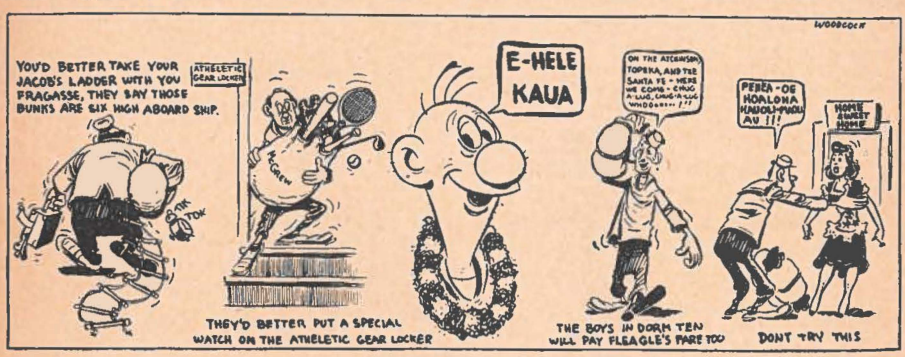
Newest inovation among the station papers is the special literary supplement to *The Sea Gate Sentinel* at Sea Gate, Brooklyn, N. Y. In this new section, sponsored by the Educational Services Office, ambitious poets and other literary aspirants are encouraged to display their wares. The results—some of it good, but all of it, for the most part, interesting. . . . In a special article, under the heading "In Memoriam," the *News* at Bethesda, Md., pays a farewell tribute to Coleman Anderson as he leaves for civilian life and his duties as chief helper of Chester Gould in creating the daily problems for ace crime sleuth, Dick Tracy. The article is good, we think. Pass your judgment on it . . . "Andy is going home. 'HA Duce' is going home. The happiest man in the world is going home. The war cry has been answered. The wailing sigh that drifted into the Bethesda night time and time again will be heard no more. 'I wanna go home,' is now but a ghostly murmur to be heard among the eaves. The paints and pencils are going home, too, and the undress blues—to be hung in the closet to frighten the kiddies when they're bad. The telephone numbers in the little red book must be slowly called and painfully bid goodbye. Andy is going home, home to Winnetka, Ill. 'Mid pleasures and palaces spacious and dandy, be it ever so humble, Winnetka's for Andy.'

"He's Coleman Anderson. He's been at Bethesda 17 months. In that time he's done editorial cartoons for the 'News,' whipped out insurance cartoons, and created the comic strip character 'HA Duce,' who bungled happily along through the issues. Of course that was all extra-curricular to his regular job of graphic arts man. Andy was here when the Center 'News' was born and is rumored to have smoked the first cigar passed out by the proud papa. Now—nuff points.

"We shed a bitter tear or two into the foam upon our beer as we think how cheerless it will all seem without him.


WOODCOCK
YOU'D BETTER TAKE YOUR JACOB'S LADDER WITH YOU FRAGASSE, THEY SAY THOSE BUNKS ARE SIX HIGH ABOARD SHIP.
ATHELETIC GEAR LOCKER
E-HELE KAUA
ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND THE SANTA FE - HERE WE COME - CHUG-A-LUG, CHUG-A-LUG WHOOOOO!!!
PEREA-OE HOALOHA KAUOLI-PUOLI AU !!!
HOME SWEET HOME
THEY'D BETTER PUT A SPECIAL WATCH ON THE ATHELETIC GEAR LOCKER
THE BOYS IN DORM TEN WILL PAY FLEAGLE'S FARE TOO
DONT TRY THIS

No matter how sad we were, how down, how bitter at the world, one look at Andy would always make us feel ever so much better. We'd nod our heads and say, 'Look at him. We're not so bad of, after all.' What morale! Well, Andy can be remembered to have said, leaning back in his chair, lighting his battered pipe and settling his well-padded self, 'If I were in civilian life right now you know what I'd be doing! Resting, that's what. Just look at me.' and then of course, 'I wanna go home.'

"But we shall be of good cheer. When we feel unable to go on, a few pennies will purchase a local chronicle and therein we shall turn to the story of Dick Tracy the detective, and know that somewhere in a tiny little garret, Andy is working with his boss, Chester Gould, carrying on in the tradition of Flat-top, Snowflake, and B. O. Plenty. For behind the Tracer is our Andy, helping to kill off the lawless and proving to old and young alike that crime does not pay.

"So long, Andy. Smooth sailing. The smile that walks like a man is going home."

Our vote for the best headline of the month goes to the boys (or girls) at USNH Memphis, Tenn., where the USO show "Pardon Me" recently played. *The Hospital Clipper* carried this as its number one head: "Pardon Me, Your Show's Not Slipping."

Poetry of all kinds, mostly bad, comes to the desks of all editors, where it usually finds a place in a good safe file that is sure to keep the readers safe from it. However, after reading this piece carried in *The Hospital Clipper* at Memphis, we agree that it is worthy of print since it enumerates at least a few of the many jobs detailed to hospital corpsmen. It is titled "Heart's Desire" and here it is:

Heart's Desire

by Ortho P. Dic

I want to be a Corpsman
And learn to drive a nail;
Or be a brig-adier man
And watch the Navy jail.

I want to be a Corpsman
And learn to swab a deck
And run a rugged buffer
Or push a broom, by heck.

I want to be a Corpsman
And learn to read and write,
And keep accounts and ledgers,
And maybe learn to type.

I want to be a Corpsman
And learn to cut the grass
Or stand a walking fire watch
Or learn to polish brass.

I want to be a Corpsman
I want to be one now
And work down in the Galley
And learn to sling out chow.

I want to be a Corpsman
And drive a Navy hearse,
Might even pick up sumthin'
On how to be a nurse!

Many of the station papers are celebrating anniversaries about now and herewith we let them tell their own birthday stories.

The Hospital Courier, USNH Sampson, N. Y.

Birthday cake and candles are the order-of-the-day in the offices of the *Hospital Courier* this week as it celebrates its first anniversary. Feeling slight effects of growing pains, the paper this edition begins the second year